

## Maybe They Can Make It by I Am Pi

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**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., Lucas S., Max M., Mike W.

**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W., Max M./Lucas S.

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**Summary:** Mike and Eleven are certain of one thing, they love each other. However, neither of them have been in relationship. Will they be prepared for the strife ahead? Will they stick together? Mostly fluff, but fluff with purpose. Probably better than it sounds... (I have very low self esteem.) Love you darlings!

# 1. Chapter 1

**Hello my darlings! It is time to write about my current OTP, Mileven. It will probably be different in a week or two. Please check out my other stories because I am a weirdo who likes views. Derp. Alright, let us begin the upmost fluffy Mileven...**

Mike sat in his basement, alone. He was supposed to see El, but Hopper became overbearing and radioed that she'd be late. By how much? He didn't know. Mike just sat, music plying from upstairs where Nancy was trying to learn how to dance ballroom. She had tried to get Mike to be her partner, but Mike did not want to be a part of a ballroom fiasco. Nancy had dragged Jonathan in as replacement. Mike, being the bored fourteen year old boy he was, began to mimic the movements he would have been doing. Maybe, if he perfected this, he could amaze El at the next dance she was allowed to go to. There were always those amazing kids, who could dance with flair. He'd never been one of them. Little did he know Eleven was thinking about him too...

Eleven sat on the couch, not listening to Hopper. He was listing everything she should kick Mike for. She was not listening. he was thinking about Mike. About them taking the place of the leads on those television shows. Her expression was whistful and Hopper did not notice. She could just imagine it...

*There was Mike dressed in a suit. He looked handsome, as usual. Her was strolling towards her. She was a beautiful girl in a silk pink dress. Her hair tied in a bun. They walked towards each other. They were both smiling brodly. She began to ran and hugged him. They separated.*

*"May I have this dance?" Mike asked, his hand extended to her.*

*"You may." She replied, taking his hand. They dance.*

*"El, I love you." He said.*

*"I love you too." El replied. Mike got down on one knee.*

*"El, will you marry me?" He asked.*

*"Of course!" El replied. She was so happy. She would have been happier if it had been real.*

El popped out of her dream world. Hopper was on item number forty-eight. She had had enough.

"Stop!" She shouted.

"What the-" Hopper was saying before El interrupted him.

"Mike is boyfriend. I am doing date as good as I can. You can't stop me." El began. "I-I love Mike. Mike love me. I am going to marry Mike in future. We kiss, that's fine." Hopper was flabbergasted. He watched as El marched out the door, her hands in fists.

"Have fun." He sad quietly. His adoptive daughter had just said she *loved* Mike. Loved was a strong and dangerous emotion. He didn't want her to get hurt. Mike was a good kid. Hopper knew Mike loved El. Hopper just knew that the world had a away of separating those who love each other. He hoped it didn't do that to these kids.

**I know it was short, but it was just a test chapter. Let me know what you darlings think. Love you!**

## 2. Chapter 2

Hello darlings! I'm going to be honest, when I opened my fanfiction today, I was expecting three reviews. Only three. I was completely and utterly surprised to find SEVEN! It's a new record. (My old one was six on a Fuller House fic.) I wanted to thank you darlings for the support! It means an awful lot to me! I love you all! Anyways, instead of me being more and more sappy, let's just begin the story...

Eleven walked up to Mike's house. Her head was held high. This was technically their first date and due to the fact she couldn't go out yet, it was in Mike's basement. Her hands were clammy. Her hands were never clammy. Why were her hands clammy? Maybe because her and Mike never made it official. And from what she'd seen on television, relationships were supposed to make it official. That's what she wanted to do. She rushed up to the door, not wanting to wait another second. Mike was in the basement, mimicking ballroom by himself, Nancy was doing actual ballroom with Jonathan, therefore Mrs. Wheeler answered the door.

"Hello sweetie." Mrs. Wheeler said kindly to the girl, letting her in.

"Hi." El responded, wiping her hands on her blue skirt.

"Mike's in the basement." Mrs. Wheeler said to her. She knew that El wouldn't want to keep Mike waiting another second.

El walked over to the basement. When she opened the door, she had expected Mike to be excited and run up to her, as he always did, but today, he did not. She walked slowly down the stairs, wondering what Mike was up to. What she saw surprised her. There was Mike dancing around the basement by himself. El kept silent. She watched Mike. The song ended two minutes later. Eleven applauded, which stunned the boy. Mike turned bright red.

"H-hi El." He said shakily.

"Hi Mike." El replied, in her usual staccato way of speech.

"How long have you been standing there?" Mike asked.

"A minute, why?" El replied, her head cocked to the side.

"I just embarrassed myself in front of my girl-" He was about to say girlfriend, but he caught himself. They hadn't made it official. "That is my friend."

"You dance pretty." El replied, she tucked a stray curl behind her ear. "Teach me?"

"Yeah, uh, sure." Mike said. El walked over to him, placing her right hand on his shoulder and kept her left hand in his. He placed his left hand on the small of her back. They swayed around the room. Almost like El's daydream. She decided to break the silence.

"Mike?" She asked.

"Hmm?" He replied, focused on the movement.

"Will you be my boyfriend?" She asked, mimicking a television show she had watched. It wasn't staccato, it wasn't El's own words, but El knew what they meant and El meant them.

"Y-yes." Mike replied. After stopping dead in his tracks for two minutes. El was done with emotional stress and questions for the day. She placed her head on Mike's shoulder, changing their hand positions so that both her hands were on Mike's shoulders.

"El?" Mike asked, the curious brunette lifted her head. Mike leaned down and kissed her. The kiss lasted for what felt like five seconds, but in actuality two minutes. They were happy. They were smiling. Maybe they could make it...

**Alright, that was that. I honestly don't really know what to do next. I have a plane, but it's vague. If you have any ideas, review or even DM me. I will try to do anything you throw at me. It has been a joy reading your reviews, all of them have made me smile. And here are a few replies:**

**calciferscauldron: Thank you! It's great to hear that darling! Also, spelling and grammar are my enemies. I love them, but**

they are actually my worst subjects. Thank you for being a dear!

cpldynomite: Thank you darling! You are an absolute dove! I'm looking forward to more too! (I'm too enthusiastic for my own good.)

fanficgirl395: Thank you dearie! As I have said in reply to calciferscauldron's reply, spelling and grammar are my enemies. I wish I were better. I try my best. But, thank you darling!

OfficerGut: Love you darling! Glad I could entertain you for however long it took you to read that!

DaisytheDoodleDog: Thank you dear! I will continue to write this story until I feel it is done, which it is not. Quick question: Does your username have anything to do with "A Dog's Purpose" I just feel like it does... Anyways, love you darling!

If I did not reply to you it is not because I did not appreciate your review or something. (I appreciated them all.) It's because I gave myself a five review reply maximum. I love you all! Thank you dearly for reading! It has been a lovely day!

Love and Peaches, Jay Rose.